



All suche Psalmes
of David, as
Thomas Sternholde,
late Grome of the kin-
ges Maiesties Robes,
did in his
life tyme
drawe
into
Englishe
metre.

1553.



TO the moste noble and ver-
tuous kyng, our Souerein Lorde kyng
Edwarde the. V. Lkyng of Englande, Fraunce,
and Irelande, defendoure of the faith, and
in yearth of the churche of Englande,
and also of Irelande, the supreme
hedde: Thomas Sternholde
Grome of his Maie-
ties robes, wisheth
increase of helth
honour, and
felicitie.



ALthough, moste no-
ble Soueraine, the
grosenesse of my wit
dooeth not suffice to
searche out the secret
misteries hidden in
the Booke of Psal-
mes, whiche by the
opinion of many learned menne, compres-
hendeth the effect of the whole Bible: yet
trustyng to the goodnesse of God, whiche
hath in his hande the keie therof, whiche
shutteth, and no manne openeth, openeth
and no manne shutteth, albeit I can not
A.ij. geue

The Preface.

geue to your Maiestie greate Loanes
therof, or bryng into the Lordes Barne
full handfulles, to the intent that I would
not appere in the haruest vtterly idle and
barrain, beeyng warned with the exam-
ple of the drie Figge tree, I am bolde to
present vnto your Maiestie, a fewe crum-
mes, whiche I haue picked vp from vn-
der the lordes boorde: And am glad with
the poore woman Ruth, the Moabite,
to come behinde, and gather a fewe eares
of corne after the reapers, rendyng than-
kes to almightie God, that hath appoin-
cted vs suche a kyng and gouernour, that
forbiddeh not laie menne, to gather and
lease in the Lordes Haruest, but rather
commaundeth the Reapers to cast out of
their handfulles among vs, that we maie
boldely gather without rebuke: Percei-
uyng also that youre Maiestie hath so
searched the fountaines of the Scriptu-
res, that yet beeyng young, you vnder-
stande them better then many Elders,
the verie meane to attain to the perfeicte
gouernement

The Preface.

gouvernemente of this your Realme to
Goddes glorie, the prosperitie of the pu-
blique wealthe, and to the comforte of
all your Maiesties Subiectes. Seeyng
further that your tender and godlie zeale
dooeth moze delight in the holie Songes
of veritie, then in any feigned Rimes of
vanitie, I am encouraged to trauaill
further in thesaied Booke of Psalmes:
trustyng that as your grace taketh plea-
sure to heare them song some tymes of
me, so ye will also delight, not onely to see
and reade them your self, but also to com-
maunde them to bee song to you of o-
thers: That as ye haue the Psaline it self
in your mynde, so ye maie Iudge myne
endeuoure by your eare. And if I maie
perceiue your Maiestie willyngly to ac-
cepte my will herein, where my dooyng
is no thanke worthe, and to fauoure so
this my beginnyng, that my labour bee
acceptable in perfourmyng the residue,
I shall endeuour my self with diligence,
not onely to enterpryse that, whiche better
A.iii. learned

The Preface.

learned ought moze iustly to dooe, but al-
so to perfourme that without fault, w^hic-
he your Maiestie will receiue with iust
thanke. The Lorde of the yearthly kyn-
ges, geue your grace daielely encrease
of honour and vertue: and ful-
fill all your godly reque-
stes in hym, with-
out whose
giste
we haue oz can
obteín no-
thyng.



Psalmes of

David in Metre.

Beatus uir. Psalm. i.

*How happie be the righteous men
this Psalm declareth plain:*

*And how the waies of wicked men,
be damnable and vain.*

The man is blest that hath not gone,
by wicked rede astraie:

He sate in chaire of pestilence,
nor walkt in synners waie.

But in the lawe of God the Lorde,
dooeth set his whole delight:

And in that lawe dooeth exercise,
hymself bothe daie and night.

And as the tree that planted is,
fast by the riuer side:

Euen so shall he bryng forth his fruct,
in his due tyme and tide.

His lease shall neuer fall awaie,
but florische still and stande:

Eche thing shall prospere wondrous well
that he dooeth take in hande.

So shall not the vngodly do,
thei shalbe nothyng so:

A.iii. But

The Psalmes of Dauid

But as the dust whiche from the yearth,
the winde's dritue to and fro.

Therefore shall not the wicked men
in iudgement stande vp right:
Yet yet in counsaill of the iust,
but shalbe voide of might.

For why, the waie of godly men,
vnto the Lorde is knowne:
And eke the waie of wicked men,
shall quite be ouerthrowen.

Quare fremuerunt Gentes. Psal. ij.

*How Heathen kinges did Christ withstande,
yet he was king of all:*

*And of the counsaill that he gaue,
to kinges terrestriall.*

Why did the Gentiles fret & fume,
what rage was in their brain:
Why did the Jewische people muse,
on matires that were vain:

The kynges and rulers of the yearth,
stoode vp and did conuent:
Against the Lorde and Christ his sonne,
whiche he among vs sent.

Shall we be bounde to theim saie thei:
let all their bondes be broke:

And

In Metre.

And of their doctrine and their lawe,
let vs reiecte the yoke.

But he that in heauen dwelth,
their dooynges will deride:
And make them all as mockyng stockes
throughtout the worlde so wide.

Foz in his wrathe the lord will speake
to them vpon a daie:
And in his furie trouble them,
and then the Lord will saie.

Of hym was I appointed kyng,
vpon his holy hill:
To preache the people his preceptes,
and to declare his will.

Foz in this wise the Lord hymself,
did saie to me I wotte:
Thou art my deare and onely soonne,
to daie I thee begotte.

All people I shall geue to thee,
as heires of thy request:
The endes and coastes of all the yearth,
by thee shalbe possesse.

Thou shalt them rule and gouerne all,
and breake them like a God:

A. b.

As

Psalmes of Dauid

As thou wouldest breake an earthen pot,
euen with an iron rod.

Now ye O kynges and rulers all,
be wise therfore and learnde,
By whom the matters of the worlde
be iudged and discernde.

Se that ye serue the lord aboue,
in tremblyng and in feare:
Se that with reuerence ye reioice,
to hym in like manere.

Se that ye kisse and eke embrace,
his blessed soonne I saie:
Lest in his wrath ye perishe all,
and wander from his waie.

For when his wrath full sodainly,
shall kende in his brest:
Then all that put their trust in hym,
shall certainly be blest.

Domine quid multiplicati. Psalm. iii.

*The passion here is figured,
and how Christ rose again:
So in the church and faithfull men,
their trouble and their pain,*

DLord how many dooe encrease,
and trouble me full soze:

How

In Metre.

How many saie vnto my soule,
God will saue hym nomore.

But thou O Lorde art my defence,
when I am harde bestedde:
My worship and myne honour bothe,
and thou holdest vp myne hedde.

And with my voice vpon the Lorde,
I dooe bothe call and crie:
And he out of his holy hill,
dooeth heare me by and by.

I laied me doune and quietly,
I slept, and rose again:
For why, I knowe assuredly,
the Lorde will me sustain.

Ten thousande men haue compast me,
yet am I not afraide:

For thou art still my Lorde and God,
my sauour and myne aide.

Thou smitest all thyne enemies,
euen on the hard cheke bone:
And thou hast broken all the tethe,
of eche vngodly one.

Saluacion onely dooeth belong,
to thee O Lorde aboue:

Bestowe

The Psalmes of Dauid

Bestowe therfore vpon thy folke,
thy blessing and thy loue.

Cum inuocarem. Psal. iiii.

*God heard the praier of the churche,
mennes vanities are shent.
with Sacrifice of righteousness,
the Lorde is best content.*

God that art my righteousness,
Lorde heare me when I call:
Thou hast set me at libertie,
when I was bonde and thral.

O mortall men how long will ye,
the glozy of God despise?
Why wandze ye in vanitie,
and folowe after lies?

Knowyng that good and godly menne
the Lorde dooeth take and chuse:
And when to hym I make my plaint,
he dooeth me not refuse.

Synne not, but stande in awe therfore
examine well thyne harte:
And in thy chamber quietly,
thou shalt thy self conuerte.

Offer to God the Sacrifice,
of righteousness I saie:

And

In Metre.

And looke that in the liuyng Lorde,
thou put thy trust alwaie.

The greater sort craue worldly goods
and riches dooe embrace:
But Lorde graunt vs thy countenaunce
thy fauour and thy grace.

Wherw thou shalt make al our hartes,
more ioifull and more glad:

Then thei that of thy corne and wine,
full greate encrease haue had.

In peace therefore lie doune will I,
takyn my rest and slepe:

For thou art he that onely dooest,
All men in safetie kepe.

Verba mea auribus. Psal. v.

*The churche dooeth praie and Prophecie,
that God dooeth not regarde:*

*Liers and bloudie Scismatikes,
but good men haue rewarde.*

Under my wordes O lorde aboue,
my studie Lorde consider:

And heare my voice my kyng my God,
to thee I make my praier.

Lorde thou shalt heare me call betime,
for I will haue respecte:

Psalmes of Dauid

My praier earely in the morne,
to thee for to directe.

And onely thee I will beholde,
thou art the God alone:

That is not pleased with wickednesse,
and ill in thee is no ne.

And in thy sight there shall not stande,
these furious fooles O Lorde:
Vain workers of iniquitie,
of thee shall be abhorde.

The liers and flatterers,
thou shalt destroye them than:
And thou wilt hate the bloudthirstie,
and the deceitfull man.

But I will come into thy house,
trustyng vpon thy grace:
And reuerently will worship thee,
toward thyne holy place.

Lorde leade me in thy righteousnesse,
for to confounde my foes:
And eke the waie that I shall walke,
before my face disclose.

For in their mouthes there is no truthe
their harte is foule and vaine:

Their

In Metre.

Their throte an open Sepulchre,
their tounques dooe glose and fatn.

Condemne them and their counsels al
let their deuise decaie:

Subuert them in their heapes of synne,
for thei did thee bewzaie.

But those that put their trust in thee,
let them be glad alwaies:

And render thanks for thy defence,
and geue thy name the praise.

For thou with fauour folowest,
the iust and righteous still:

And with thy grace as with a shielde,
defendest hym from ill.

Domine ne in furore Psalm. vi.

*The troubled soule with synne opprest,
on God for grace dooeth call:*

*Though he some tyme tourne backe his face,
from faithe it dooeth not fall.*

Lorde in thy wrath reprove me not,
though I deserue thyne ire:

Ne yet correct me in thy rage,

O Lorde I thee desire.

For I am weake, therefore O Lorde,
of mercie me forbear:

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And heale me lord, for why thou knowest
my bones dooe quake for feare.

My soule is troubled very sore,
and vexed vehemently:

But Lorde how long wilt thou delaie,
to cure my misery.

Lorde tourne thee to thy wōted grace,
my sely soule vp to take:

Oh saue me, not for my desertes,
but for thy mercies sake.

For why, no man emong the dedde,
remembzeth thee one whitte:

Oz who shall worshippe thee, O Lorde,
in the infernall pitte.

So greuous is my plaint and mone
that I ware wondrous faint:

And washe my bedde whereas I couche,
with teares of my complaint.

My beautie fadeth cleane awaie,
with anguise of myne harte:

For feare of those that be my foes,
and would my soule subuerte.

But now awaie from me all ye,
that woorken iniquitie:

For

In Metre.

For why, the Lorde hath heard the voice
of my complaint and crie.

He heard not onely the request,
and praier of myne harte:
But it receiued at my hande,
and toke it in good parte.

And now my foes that vexed me,
the Lorde will sone defame:
And sodainly confounde them all,
to their rebuke and shame.

Domine deus meus in te. Psal. vii.

*The churche against her foes to God,
her sufferance dooeth declare:*

*The wicked whiche would worke desceipt,
are trapt in their owne snare.*

D Lorde my God, I put my trust,
and confidence in thee:
Saue me from them that me pursue,
and eke deliuer me.

Lest like a Lion thei deuoure,
my soule in pieces small:
Whiles there is none to succour me,
and rid me out of thrall.

O Lorde my God if I haue dosen,
the thyng that is not right:

B.i.

D

Psalmes of Dauid

O^r els if I be founde in synne,
O^r giltye in thy sight.

O^r haue rewarded ill for ill,
to those that harmed me:

O^r rashely robde myne enemye,
with greate extremite.

Then let my foes pursue my soule,
and eke my life doune thruste:
Vnto the yearth, and also laie,
myne honour in the duste.

If not, sterre vp Lorde in thy wraathe,
and put my foes to pain:
Perfourme thy vengeance promised,
to suche as me disdain.

And that thy flocke maie come to thee,
and knowe thee by this thyng:
Exalte thy self in Maiestie,
as their chief Lorde and kyng.

That art reuenger of all folke,
O Lorde reuenge thou me:
Accordyng to my righteousnesse,
and myne integritee.

Lorde cease the hate of wicked menne
and be the iust mannes gide:

In Metre.

By whom the secretes of all hartes,
are searched and discride.

I take my helpe to come of God,
in all my grief and sinarte:
That dooeth p̄serue all those that be,
of pure and perfecte harte.

For God a right reuenger is,
and pacient with his power:
He threatheneth still, yet we prouoke,
his vengeaunce euery hower.

And if we will not tourne to hym,
the lorde will then beginne:
His sweard to whette, his bowe to bend,
and strike vs for our sinne.

He will prepare his killyng tooles,
and sharpe his arrowes prest:
To strike and pearce with violence,
the persecutours brest.

For why, the wicked trauailed,
in mischief men to cast:
Conceiued sorowe and brought foozthe,
vngodly fraude at last.

And digde a caue and cast it vp,
in hope to hurte his bzother:

B.ii. But

Psalmes of Dauid

But he shall fall into the pitte,
that he digde vp for other.

Thus wrong retourneth to the hurte,
of hym in whom it bredde:

And all the mischief that he wrought,
shall fall vpon his hedde,

I will geue thanks to God therefore,
that iudgeth righteously,
And with my song shall praise the name,
of hym that is moſte hie.

Domine dominus. Psal. vii.

*Goddes glorie is ſo greate in yearth,
that babes doe it declare:*

*So dooeth the ſtate of man, to whom
all creatures ſubieſte are.*

In yearth O Lorde how wonderfull
is thy greate Maieſtie:
That liſteth vp thy laude and praiſe,
aboue the heauens hie.

For why, the mouthes of ſucking babes
thyne honour doe diſcloſe:
Thou makeſt infantes overcome,
thy mightie mortall foes.

And when I ſee the heauens high,
the woorkes of thyne owne hande:

The

In Metre.

The sunne, the moone, and all the sterres
in ordre as thei stande.

What thing is mā, lorde thinke I then,
that thou doest hym remember:
Or what is mannes posteritie,
that thou doest it consider?

For thou hast made hym litle lesse,
then angelles in degree:
And thou hast crouned hym at last,
with glozie and dignitee.

Thou hast p̄fardē hym to be Lorde,
of all thy woorkes of wonder:
And at his feete hast set all thynges,
that he should kepe them vnder.

All shepe and neate, and all beastes els
that in the fieldes dooe feede:
Foules of the aire, fishe in the sea,
and all that therein brede.

Therefore must I saie ones again,
O Lorde, that art our Lorde:
How famous is thy Maiestie,
estemed through the worlde:

Confitebor tibi. Psalm. ix.

The faithfull geue greate thanks to God,
for that he dooeth destroye:

B.iii.

Their

Psalmes of Dauid

*Their enemies all, and helpe the poore,
that none dooeth them annoie.*

Do Lord with all my harte and mind
I will geue thanks to thee:
And speake of all thy wondrous woꝝkes
vnsarcheable of me.

I will be glad and muche reioice,
in thee O God moſte hie:
And make my ſonges extoll thy name,
aboue the ſtarrie ſkie.

For that my foes are driuen backe,
and tourned vnto flight:
Thei fall doune flatte and are deſtroied,
by thy greate force and might.

Thou haſt reuenged all my wrong,
my grief and all my grudge:
Thou dooeſt with iuſtice heare my cauſe
moſte like a righteous iudge.

Thou doeſt rebuke the Heathen folke,
and wicked ſo confounde:
That afterward the memorie,
of them cannot be founde.

The force and weapon of thy foes,
thou takeſt cleane a waie:

When

In Metre.

When citees were destroyed by thee,
their name did eke decaie.

But euermore in dignitie,
the lord dooeth rule and reigne:
And in the seate of equitie,
true iudgement dooeth maintein.

With iustice he dooeth kepe and guide,
the worlde and euery wight:
With conscience and with equitie,
he yelded folke their right.

He is protectour of the pooze,
what tyme thei be opprest:
He is in all aduersitie,
their refuge and their rest.

All thei that knowe thy holy name,
Therefore dooe trust in thee:
For thou forsakest not their suite,
in their necessitie.

Sing psalmes therefore vnto the lord
that dwelth in Sion hill:
Publishe among the people plain,
his counsailes and his will.

For he is mindefull of the bloud,
of those that be opprest:

B. iiii. And

Psalmes of Dauid

And printeth still the poore mēnes plaint
within his blessed brest.

And though my foes dooe trouble me,
thy mercie dooeth remain:
Yea, from the gates of death, O Lorde,
thou raisest me again.

In Sion that I should set forth,
thy praise with harte and voice:
And that in thy saluacion Lorde,
my soule should muche reioice.

When Heathen folke fall in the pitte,
that thei themselves prepaide:
And in the nette that thei dooe sette,
their owne feete finde thei snarde.

Thus when ye se the wicked man,
lie trapt in his owne warke:
God sheweth his iudgement whiche wer
for worldy men to marke. (good

The wicked and the synnefull men,
go doune to hell for euer:
And all the people of the worlde,
that will not God remember.

But sure the Lorde will not forget,
the poore mannes grief and pain:

The

In Metre.

The pacient people neuer looke,
for helpe of God in vain.

Then Lorde arise, lest men preuaill,
that be of worldly might:
And let the Heathen folke receiue,
their iudgement in thy sight.

Lorde strike suche terror, feare & dread,
into the hartes of theim:
That thei maie knowe assuredly,
thei be but mortall men.

Vt quid domine. Psal. x.

*This Psalme dooeth shewe the greuous plaint,
of an afflicted mynde:*

*And setteth out the wicked woorkes;
of persecucion blynde.*

What is the cause that thou o lorde
art now so farre from thyne:
And kepest close thy countenaunce,
from vs this troublous tyme:

The pooze dooeth perishe by the proude
and wicked mennes desire:
Let them be taken in their crafte,
that thei themselves conspire.

For if lust of his owne harte,
thingodly man dooeth bofte:

B. v.

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And praiseth muche the couetous,
whom God abhorreth moſte.

Thungodly is ſo proude that he,
of God accoumpteth nought:
He will not call on God to knowe,
his counſaill and his thought.

But walketh wzōg, for lord thy waies
be farre out of his ſight:

Wherefore he runneth to reuenge,
his enemies with deſpight.

And tuſhe he ſaieth vnto hymſelf:
as one deuoide of grace:

I will let ſlippe no tyme, quod he,
when malice maie take place.

His mouthe is full of curſedneſſe,
of fraude, deceit and guile:
Under his tounge dooeth ſorowe ſit,
and trauaill all the while.

He lieth hid in ſecrete ſtreates,
to ſlea the innocent:
Aga인ſt the poore that paſſe hym by,
his cruell eyes are bent.

And like a Lion prauely,
lieth luyng in his denne:

In Metre.

If he maie snare them in his nette,
to spoile pooze simple men.

And for the nones full craftely,
he croucheth doune that thei:
By colour of his humblenesse,
maie sone become his praie.

Tush, God forgetteth this saith he,
therefore maie I be bolde:
His countenaunce is cast aside,
he dooeth it not beholde.

Arise O lord, O God in whom,
the pooze mannes hope dooeth rest:
Lift vp thyne hande, forget not lord,
the pooze that be opprest.

What blasphemie is this to thee,
lord dooest thou not abhorre it:
To heare the wicked in their hartes,
saie, tush thou carest not for it.

But thou seest all this wickednesse,
and well dooest vnderstande:
That friendlesse and pooze fatherlesse,
are left into thy hande.

Of wicked and malicious men,
then breake the power for ever:

That

Psalmes of Dauid

That thei with their iniquitie,
maie perishe altogether.

For thou dooest reigne for evermore,
as Lorde and God alone:
But all the Heathen of the yearth,
shall perishe everychone.

Lorde harkē to the pooze mēnes plaint,
their praier and request:
geue eare to that, that thou hast wrought
within the pooze mannes brest.

Reuenge the pooze and fatherlesse,
and helpe them to their right:
That thei maie be no more opprest,
with men of worldly might.

In domino confido. Psal xi.

*Though faithfull men that trust in God,
be here in yearth opprest.*

*Yet he from heauen seeth their grief,
and dooeth prepare theim rest.*

Trust in God, how dare ye then,
I saie thus my soule vntill:
Flee hence as fast as any foule,
and hide thee in thyne hill.

Behold, the wicked berde their bowes,
and make their arrowes prest:

In Metre.

To shote in secrete, and to hurte,
the sounde and harmelesse best.

That thei maie bzyng all godlinesse,
to ruine and decaie:

Foz as foz iust and righteous men,
what can thei dooe oz saie:

But he that in his temple is,
moſte holy and moſte hie:
And in the heauen hath his ſeate,
of roiall Maieſtie.

The pooze and ſimple mannes eſtate,
conſidereth in his mynde:
And ſearcheth out full narowly,
the maners of mankynde.

And with a cherefull countenaunce,
the righteous man dooeth uſe:
But in his harte he dooeth abhorre,
all ſuche as miſchief muſe.

And on the ſynners caſteth ſnares,
as thicke as any rain:
Of tempeſtes, ſtozmes, & brymſtone fires
appointed foz their pain.

Ye ſe then how a righteous God,
dooeth righteousneſſe embrace:

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And vnto trueth and equitie,
Sheweth forth his pleasaunt face.

Saluum me fac domine. Psal. xii.

The want of good is bewailde,
ill tongues are threatened sore :
Gods worde is true, who saith he will,
the poore to right restore.

Help lord, for good & godly men,
Dooe perishe and decaie:
And faith and truth from worldly men:
is parted cleane awaie.

Whoso doeth with his neighbor talke,
his talke is all but vain:
For every harte bethinketh how,
to flatter lie and faine.

But flatterynge and deceiptfull lippes,
and tongues that be so stoute,
To speake proude thinges against y lord
the lord will sure cutte out.

Yet saie thei still, we will preuaill,
our tongues shall vs extoll:
Our tongues are ours, we ought to speak
what lord shall vs controll:

But for the greate complaint and crie,
of poore and men opprest:

Arise

In Metre.

Arise will I now saith the lord,
and helpe them all to rest.

Gods worde is like to siluer pure,
that from the yearth is tride:
And hath no lesse then seven tymes,
in fire been purified.

Now sens thy promise is to helpe,
lord kepe thy promes then:
And saue vs from the cursednesse,
of this ill kinde of men.

For now the wicked worlde is full,
of mischies manifolde:
When vanitie with mortall men,
so highly is extolde.

Vsquequo domine. Psal. xiii.

*Though God sometyme seme to forget,
the affliction of the iust:*

*At hym alone thei seke relief,
and in his mercie trust.*

How long wilt thou forget me lord,
shall I neuer be remembred?
How long wilt thou thy visage hide,
as though thou were offended?

In harte and minde how long shall I
with care tormented be?

How

Psalmes of Dauid

How long eke shall my dedly foe,
thus triumphe ouer me?

Beholde me now my Lorde my God,
relieue me with thy breath:

Lighten myne eyes in suche a wise,
that I slepe not in death.

Lest thus myne enemye saie to me,
beholde I dooe preuaill,
Lest ther also that hate my soule,
reioice to se me quail.

But from the mercie of the Lorde,
my hope shall neuer starte:
In whose relief and sauyng health,
right ioyfull is my harte.

Who delt with me so lounghly,
that I haue cause to syng:
In praise of his moste holy name,
that is moste mightie kyng.

Dixit insipiens, Psalm. xiiii.

*The wicked saie there is no God,
mannes woorkes are all infecte:
Perishe shall thei that trust therin,
grace saueth the electe.*

There is no God as foolish men,
affirme in their madde moode:

Their

In Metre.

Their study is corrupt and vain,
not one of them dooeth good.

The lorde behelde from heauen high,
the maners of mankinde:
And sawe not one that sought aboute,
his liuyng God to finde.

Thei went all wide and were corrupt
and truely there was none:

That in the worlde did any good,
I saie there was not one.

Did thei knowe God or worship him,
that were so swiftly leade:

My people to deuoure and spoile,
and eate them vp like breade:

But thei shall fele a fearfull tyme,
when God shall saie to them:

Standyng emong the company,
of good and righteous men.

Ye mockt the counsaill of the pooze,
on God when thei did call:

But thei did put their trust in God,
and he did helpe theim all.

But who shal geue thy people health,
and when wilt thou fulfill:

C.i.

The

Psalmes of David

The promise made to Israel,
from out of Sion hill:

And tourne their thrall to libertie,
in bonde that long are lad:

That Jacob maie therein reioice,
and Israel maie be glad.

Domine quis habitabit. Plal. xv.

To those that lead a Godly life.

the lorde dooeth promise rest:

*The fruites of their vnfained faithe,
are liuely here exprest.*

O Lorde within thy tabernacle,
who shall inhabite still:

Oz whom wilt thou receiue to rest,
in thy moste holy hill:

The man whose life is vncorrupt,
whose woꝝkes are iust and streight:
Whose hart doeth speake the very truth,
whose tongue dooeth no desceipt.

Nor to his neighbour dooeth none ill,
in body, gooddes, oz name:

He seketh not to bryng his frende,
to take rebuke and shame.

That in his harte regardeth not,
malicious wicked men:

But

In Metre.

But those that loue and feare the lord,
he maketh much of them.

His othe and all his promises,
that kepeth faithfully:
Although he make his couenaunt so,
that he dooeth lose thereby.

That putteth not to vsury,
his money and his coigne:
Ne for to hurte the innocent,
dooeth bribe or els purloine.

Who so dooeth all thynges as ye se,
that here is to be dooen:
Shall neuer perishe in this worlde,
nor in the worlde to come.

Conserua me domine. Psal. xvi.

*We neede no bloudy Sacrifice,
Christ once for all was slain:
And rose again from death and bell,
thei could hym not retain.*

Lorde kepe me for I trust in thee,
and dooe confesse in deede:
Thou art my God and of my good,
O lord thou hast no neede.

I geue my goodnesse to the saintes,
that in the worlde dooe dwell:

C. ii.

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And namely to the faithfull flocke,
in vertue that excell.

As for their bloudie Sacrifice,
and offrynges of that kinde:
I will haue none, nor yet their name,
for to be had in minde.

For why, the lord the porcion is,
of myne enheritaunce:
And he it is that will restore,
to me my lot and chaunce.

The place wherin my lotte did fall,
in beautie did excell:
Myne heritage assinde to me,
dooeth please me wonderous well.

I thanke the lord that counsaile me,
to vnderstande the right:
By whose aduise I seke remorse,
of conscience in the night.

I set the lord before myne eyes,
and trust him ouer all:
And he dooeth stande on my right hand,
lest I might happily fall.

Wherefore my harte is very glad,
my glory muche encrease:

That

In Metre.

That at the last I shalbe sure,
my fleshe in hope shall rest.

Thou wilt not leaue my soule in hel,
for lord thou louest me:

For yet wilt geue thine holy one,
corruption for to see.

But rather to the pathe of life,
wilt gladly me restore:

For at thy right hande is my ioye,
and shalbe euermore.

Exaudi domine. Psal. xvii.

*Gods churche, mannes doctrine dooeth despise,
his worde alone to trust:*

*The worldly wishe none other wealth,
but here to liue at lust.*

DLord heare out my right request,
attende when I complain:

And heare my praier that I put forth,
with lippes that dooeth not fain.

And let the iudgement of my cause,
procede alwaie from thee:

For thou dooest ponder and perceiue,
what thyng is equitie.

Searche out and trie me in the night
and thou shalt nothyng finde:

C.iii.

That

Psalmes of Dauid

That I haue spoken with my tongue:
that was not in my minde.

But from the wordes of wicked men,
and pathes peruerse and ill:
For loue of thy moste holy worde,
I haue refrained still.

Then in thy pathes that be most pure
lorde thou maiest me preserve:
That from the waie wherin I walke,
my steppes maie neuer swerue.

For I dooe call to thee O lorde,
for succour and for aide:
Then heare my praier & waie right wel
the wordes that I haue saied.

Be good to those that trust in thee,
and in thy faith dooe stande:
But pitie not those that resist,
the power of thy right hande.

And kepe me lorde as þu wouldst kepe,
the apple of thyne iye:
And vnder couerte of thy wynges,
defende me secretely.

From wicked men that trouble me,
and daiely me annoie:

And

In Metre.

And from my foes that go aboute,
my soule for to destroye.

Whiche wallow in their worldly welth
so full and eke so fatte:

That in their pride they dooe not spare,
to speake they care not what.

They lie in waite wher I should passe
with craft me to confounde:

And musyng mischief in their myndes,
they cast their eyes to ground.

Whiche like a Lion greedely,
that would his praye embrace:

Oz luckyng like a Lions whelp,
within some secreete place.

Up lord, and ouerturne these folke,
disperse them like a God:

Redeme my soule from wicked men,
whiche are the sword and rod.

I meane from worldly men, to whom
all worldly gooddes are rife:

That haue no hope nor part of ioie,
but in this present life.

But of thy store for to be filde,
with pleasures to their minde:

C. iij.

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And to haue childzen vnto whom,
thei maie leaue all behinde.

But I shall come befoze thy face,
bothe innocent and cleare:
And all my ioie shalbe when thou,
in glozy shalt appeare.

Coeli enarrant. Psal. xix.

*All creatures set Gods glory foorth,
his worde and lawe dooeth fill:
The worlde throughout as hony swete,
conuerting soulles from ill.*

THe heauens and the firmament,
dooe wonderously declare:
The glozy of God omnipotent:
his workes and what thei are.

Eche daie declareth by his course,
another daie to come:
And by the night we knowe likewise,
a nightly course to runne.

There is no language, tong or speche
where their sounde is not heard:
In all the yearth and coastes therof,
their knowelege is confeard.

In theim the lorde made roially,
a settle for the Sunne:

¶ here

In Metre.

Where like a Gyaunt ioifully,
he might his iourney runne.

And all the skie from ende to ende,
he compast rounde aboute:

No man can hide hym from his heate,
but he will finde hym out.

So perfecte is the lawe of God,
his testimonie sure:

Conuerting soules and maketh wise,
the simple and obscure.

Iust is the iudgement of the lorde,
and gladdeth harte and minde:

Pure his precept and geueth light,
to iyes that be full blinde.

The feare of God is very cleane,
and dooeth endure for euer:

The iudgements of the lorde are true,
and righteous altogether.

And more to be embraast of thee,
then fined golde I saie:

The honie and the honie combe,
are not so swete as thei.

By the be all thy seruautes taught,
to haue thee in regarde:

C.v.

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And in perfourmaunce of the same,
there shalbe greate rewarde.

But lord, what verthly mā doeth know
how ofte he dooeth offende?

Then clense my soule from secreete sinne
my life that I maie mende.

And kepe me that presumptuous sinnes
preuail not ouer me:

And then shall I be innocent,
and greate offences flee.

Accept my mouth and eke my harte,
my wordes and thoughtes eche one:
For my redemer and my strength,
O lord thou art alone.

Exaudiat te deus Psal. xx.

*As God preserued Christ his sonne,
in trouble and in thrall:*

*So when we call vpon the lorde,
he will preserue vs all.*

In trouble and aduersitie,
the lord will heare thee still:

The Maiestie of Jacobs God,
will thee defende from ill.

And sende thee from his holy place,
his helpe at euery neede:

And

In Metre.

And so in Sion stablish thee,
and make thee strong in deede.

Remembryng well the Sacrifice,
that thou to hym hast dooen:
And dooeth receiue right thankfully,
thyne offrynges euerychone.

Accordyng to thy hartes desire,
the lord will geue to thee:
And all thy counsaill and deuise,
full well perfourme will he.

In thy saluacion we reioice,
and magnifie the lord:
That thy petitions and request,
preserued with his worde.

The lord will his annointed saue;
I knowe well by his grace:
And sende him health fro his right hande
out of his holy place.

In charettes some put confidence,
and some in horses trust:
But we remember God our lord,
that kepeth promise iust.

Thei fall doune flat, but we dooe rise,
and stande vp stedfastly:

Now

[Psalmes of David

Now saue and helpe vs lorde and kyng,
on thee when we dooe crie.

Domine in uirtute. Psal. xxi.

*Christes kingdome here he dooeth describe,
with his eternall power:*

*All that rise vp, hym to resist,
his right hande shall deuoure.*

Lorde how ioyfull is the kyng,
in thy strength and thy power:
How vehemently he dooeth reioice,
in thee his sauoure.

For thou hast geuen vnto hym,
his godly hartes desire:
To hym hast thou nothyng denied,
of that he did require.

Thou didst preuent him with thy giftes,
and blessinges manifolde:
And thou hast set vpon his hedde,
a croune of perfecte golde.

And when he asked life of thee,
therof thou madest hym sure:
To haue long life, yea suche a life,
as euer should endure.

Great is his glozy by thy helpe,
thy benefite and aide:

Great

In Metre.

Great worship and great honoꝝ bothe
thou hast vpon hym laied:

Thou wilt geue hym felicitie,
that neuer shall decaie:
And with thy cherefull countenaunce,
wilt comforte hym alwaie.

For why the kyng doeth strögly trust
in God for to preuaile:

Therefore his goodnesse and his grace,
will not that he shall quaille.

But let thyne enemies feelee thy force,
and those that thee withstande:

Finde out thy foes and let them feelee,
the power of thy right hande.

And like an ouen burne theim lorde,
in fire flame and fume:

Thyne anger will destroie them all,
and fire will them consume.

And thou wilt roote out of the yearth,
their fruite that should encrease:
And from the number of thy folke,
their seede shall ende and cease.

For why, muche mischief did thei muse
against thy holy name:

Yet

Psalmes of Dauid

Yet did they faile and had no power,
for to perfourne the same.

Therefore shalt thou right valiantly,
put them to flight and chase:
And charge thy bowestrings redily,
against thyne enemies face.

Be thou exalted lord therefore,
in thy strength euery houre:
So shall we syng right solemnely,
praisyng thy might and power.

Ad te domine leuaui. Psal. xxv.

*For aide against her enemies,
the faithfull churche dooeth praie:
For pacience in aduersitie,
And for the perfecte waie.*

Lifte myne harte to thee,
my God and guide moste iuste:
Now suffre me to take no shame,
for in thee dooe I truste.

Let not my foes reioice,
nor make a scozne of me:
And let them not bee ouerthrowen,
that put their trust in thee.

Confoundd are all suche,
whose dooynges are but vaine:

In Metre.

O lord therefore thy pathes and waies
Declare vnto me plain.

Directe me in thy strength;
and teache me I thee praie:
Thou art my God and sauiour,
that helpest me euery daie.

Thy mercies manifolde,
I praie thee lord remember,
And eke thy pitie plentifull,
that dooeth endure for euer.

Remember not the faultes,
and frailltie of my youth:
Remember not how ignoraunte,
I haue been of my trueth.

For after my desertes,
let me thy mercie finde:
But of thyne a bonebenignitie,
lord haue me in thy mynde.

His mercie is full swete,
his trueth the perfecte waie:
Therefore the lord will geue a laboe,
to them that go astraie.

For all the waies of God,
are trueth and mercie bothe:

Psalmes of David

To them that seke his testament,
the witnesse of his trothe.

Now for thy holy name,
O lord I thee entreate:
To graunt me pardone for my synne,
for it is wonderous greate.

Who so dooeth feare the lord,
the lord dooeth hym directe:
To lead his life in suche a waie,
as he dooeth best accepte.

His soule shall euermore,
in goodnesse dwell and stande:
His seede and his posteritie,
enherite shall the lande.

To those that feare the lord,
he is a firmamente:
And vnto them he dooeth declare,
his will and testamente.

My cares and eke my harte,
to hym I will aduaunce:
That pluckt my feete out of the snare,
of wilfull ignoraunce.

With mercie me beholde,
to thee I make my mone:

In Metre.

For I am poore and solitary,
counfortlesse alone.

The troubles of myne harte,
are multiplied in deede:
Byng me out of this misery,
necessitie and neede.

Beholde my pouertie,
myne anguise and my pain:
Remit my synne and myne offence,
and make me cleane again.

O lord beholde my foes,
how thei dooe still encrease:
Pursuyng me with deadly hate,
that fain would liue in peace.

Preserue and kepe my soule,
and eke deliuer me:
And let me not be ouerthrowen,
because I trust in thee.

The iuste and innocent,
by me dooe sticke and stande:
Because I looke for to receiue,
my succour at thy hande.

Deliuier lord thy folke,
that be of thy belief:

D.i. Deliuier

Psalmes of David

Deliuer lord thyne Israel,
from all his pain and grief.

Ad te domine clamabo. Psal. xxviii

*This Psalme setteth out the Phariseis,
with flatteryng hartes vncleane:
And sheweth how God is all our strength,
by Christ our onely meane.*

Lorde I call to thee for helpe,
and if thou me forsake:
I shalbe likened vnto theini,
that fall into the lake.

The voice of thy suppliaunt heare,
that vnto thee dooeth crie:
When I lift vp my harte and handes,
vnto thy heauens hie.

Repute not me emong the sorte,
of wicked and peruerte:
That speake right faire vnto their frēds
and thinke full ill in harte.

Accordyng to their handy worke,
as thei deserue in deede:
And after their inuencions,
let them receiue their meede.

Thei not regarde the workes of God
his lawe ne yet his loze:

Therefore

In Metres

Therefore will he their woꝝkes and the
destroie foꝛ euermoze.

To render thankes vnto the loꝛde,
how greate a cause haue I:
My voice, my praier, and my complaint,
that heard so willpngly.

He is my shield and foꝛtitude,
my buckler in distresse:
My hope, my helpe, my hartes relief,
my song shall hym confesse.

He is our strength and our defence,
our enemies to resist:
The health and the saluacion,
of his electe by Christ.

Thy people and thyne heritage,
thy blessed woꝛde pꝛeserue:
Extolle thy floꝛke with faithfull fooꝛde,
that thei maie neuer sweꝛue.

Afferte domino. Psal. xxix.

*As Dauid did the Temple decke,
with yearthly Sacrifice:*

*So Christes church with spirituall gifter,
ye must adorne likewise.*

Gue to the loꝛde ye potentates,
and Princes of the woꝛlde:

!Psalmes of Dauid

Ye rāmbes that guide the chriſten ſlocke
geue laude vnto the lord,

Geue glozy to his holy name,
and honour hym alone:

Worſhip hym in his Maieſtie,
within his holy throne.

His voice dooeth rule the waters all,
euen as hymſelf dooeth pleaſe:

He dooeth prepare the thunder clappes,
and gouerneth all the ſeas.

Of vertue is the voice of God,
and wonderous excellent:

Of full greate purpoſe and effecte,
and muche magnificente.

His voice dooeth breake in Libanus,
the Cedre trees full long,
Whiche for their highneſſe are compard,
to mightie men and ſtrong.

Whō God will ſtrike with fearfulneſſe
and make them all as milde:

As calues that come to Sacrifice,
or Unicornes full wilde.

His voice deuideth flames of fire,
and ſhaketh the wilderneſſe:

He

In Metre.

He maketh the deserte quake for feare,
that called is Cades.

His voice doeth make the wilde harts
and maketh the couert plain: (tame,
And in his temple euery man,
his glozy dooeth proclaime.

He staied the rage of Noes floud,
and stopped the redde see:
And kepeth his seate as lorde and kyng,
in his eternitee.

The lorde doeth geue his people power
in vertue to encrease:

The lorde dooeth blesse his people eke,
with euerlastyng peace.

Beati quorum. Psal. xxxii.

*God promiseth saluacion,
to the repentaunt herte:
Of his mere mercie and his grace,
not for the mannes deserte.*

The man is blest whose wickednes,
the lorde hath cleane remitted:
And he whose synne and wretchednesse,
is hid also and couered.

And blest is he to whom the lorde,
imputeth not his synne:

D.iii.

Whiche

Psalmes of David

Whiche in his harte hath hid no guile,
nor fraude is founde therein.

For whiles that I kept close my sinne
in silence and constrainte:

My bones did waste and weare awaie,
with daie ly mone and plainte.

For night and daie, thy hande on me,
so greuous was and smerte:

That all my bloude and humours moist
to drynesse did conuerte.

But when I had confest my faultes,
and shroue me in thy sight:

My self accusyng of my synne,
thou didst forgeue me quite.

Let euery good man praie therefore,
and thanke the lord in tyme:

And then the floudes of euill thoughtes,
shall haue no power of hym.

When trouble and aduersitie,
dooe compasse me aboute:

Thou art my refuge and my ioie,
and thou dooest rid me out.

I shall instructe thee, saith the lord,
how thou shalt walke and serue:

And

In Metre.

And bende myne eyes vpon thy waies,
and so shall thee preſerue.

Be not therefore ſo ignorant,
as is the Aſſe and Aſule:
Whoeſe mouthe without a rain or bitte,
yet cannot guide or rule.

For many be the miſeries,
that wicked men ſuſtain:
Yet vnto them that truſt in God,
his goodneſſe dooeth remain.

Be merry therefore in the lord,
ye iuſte liſt vp your voice:
And ye of pure and perfect harte,
be glad and eke reioice.

Benedicam dominum. Pſal. xxxiiii.

*The Prophete Dauid praiſeth God,
warnyng vs to forbear:
From euill, and exhorteth vs,
to liue in godly feare.*

I wil geue laude and honour bothe,
vnto the lord alwaies:
And eke my mouthe for euermore,
ſhall ſpeake vnto his praiſe.

I dooe delight to laude the lord,
in ſoule and eke in voice:

D.iiii.

That

Psalmes of Dauid

That simple men that suffre paine
maie heare and so reioice.

Therefore se that ye magnifie,
with me the liuyng lorde:
And let vs now exalte his name,
together with one accorde.

For I my self besought the lorde,
he answered me again:
And me deliuered incontinente,
from all my feare and pain.

Who so thei be that hym beholde,
and shewe hym their vnest:
He dasheth not their countenaunce,
but graunteth their request.

Who so in their afflictions,
vnto the lorde dooeth call:
He heareth their suite without delaie,
and ridth them out of thral.

The angell of the lorde dooeth pitche
his tentes in euery place:
To saue all suche as feare the lorde,
that nothyng them deface.

Se and consider well therefore,
that God is good and iuste:

And

In Metre.

And thei be blest that put in hyin,
their onely faithe and truste.

Feare ye the lorde his holy ones,
aboue all yearthly thyng:
For thei that feare the liuyng lorde,
are sure to lacke nothyng.

The mightie and the riche shall want
yea, thirst and hunger muche:
But as for them that feare the lorde,
no lacke shalbe to suche.

Come nere therefore my children dere
and to my wooorde geue eare:
I shall you teache the perfecte waie,
how you the lorde should feare.

Who so would lead a blessed life,
must earnestly deuise:
His tongue and lippes from all descrypt,
to kepe in any wise.

And tourne his face from dooyng ill,
and dooe the godly deede:
Enquire for peace and quietnesse,
and folowe her with speede.

For why, the iyes of God aboue,
vpon the iuste are bente:

D, v. His

Psalmes of Dauid

His eares likewise are geuen muche,
to heare the innocente.

The lord dooeth froune & bende his
vpon the wicked train: (browes,
And cutteth awaie the memozy,
that should of theim remain.

But when the iust dooe call and crie,
the lord dooeth heare them so:
That out of pain and misery,
forthwith he letteth them go.

The lord is kinde and mercifull,
to suche as be contrite:
He saueth also the sorowfull,
the meke and pooze in spirite.

Full many bee the miseries,
that righteous men dooe suffre:
But out of all aduersities,
the lord dooeth them deliuer.

The lord doeth so pzeferue and kepe,
the bones of his alwaie:
That not so muche as one of them,
doeth perishe oz decaie.

The wicked die full wretchedly,
thei seke none other boote:

And

In Metre.

And those that hate the righteous men,
are pluckt by by the roote.

But thei that serue the liuyng lorde,
the lorde dooeth saue them sounde :
And who that put their trust in hym,
nothyng shall them confounde.

Beatus qui intelligit. Psal. xli.

*The lorde will helpe that man again,
that helpeth poore and weake:*

*The passion here is figured,
and resurreccion eke.*

The man is blest that carefull is,
the neddy to consider:
For in the season perilous,
the lorde will hym deliuer.

The lorde wil make him safe & sound
and happie in the lande:
And he will not deliuer hym,
into his enemies hande.

And in his bed when he lieth sicke,
the lorde will hym restoze :
And thou O lorde will tourne to health,
his sickenesse and his soze.

And in my sickenesse thus saie I,
haue mercie lorde on me:

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And heale my soule whiche is full wo,
that I offended thee.

Myne enemies gaue me ill reporte,
and thus of me thei saie:

When shall he die that all his name,
maie vanishe quite awaie.

And wheras thei go in and out,
for to beholde and see:

Thei muse muche mischief in their harts
what so their saynges bee.

Myne enemies runne against me still
together on a throng:

To take a counsaill and conspire,
how thei maie doo me wrong.

Agreyng on a wicked wooorde,
and doo determine plain:

Be he destroyed with death saie thei,
he shall not rise again.

The man eke that I trusted moste,
with me did vse deceipte:

Whiche ate with me the bread of life,
thesame for me laied waite.

Haue mercie lord on me therefoze,
and let me be preserue:

That

In Metre.

That I maie render vnto them,
the thynges thei haue deserude.

By this I knowe assuredly,
to be beloued of thee:
When that myne enemies haue no cause
to triumphe ouer me.

Because that I am innocente,
lorde strength me I thee praie:
And in thy presence poincte my place,
where I shall dwell for aie.

The lorde the God of Israel,
be praised now therefore:
Whiche hath been euerlastyngly,
and shalbe euermore.

Iudica me. Psal. xliii.

*The wofull mynde whom wicked raen,
would with their ill infecte:
Dooeth call to God for light and trueth,
his steppes for to directe,*

Iudge and defende my cause O lord
from those that euill be:
From wicked and deceiptfull men,
O lorde deliuer me.

For of my strength thou art the God,
why puttest me thee fro:

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And why walke I so heauely,
oppresed with my fo:

Sende out thy light & eke thy truthe,
and lead me with thy grace:
Bryng me into thy holy hill,
and to thy dwelling place.

That I maie to the altare go,
of God my ioie and chere,
And on my Harpe geue thanks to thee,
O God, my God moſte dere.

Why art thou then so ſadde my ſoull,
thus troubled and afraied:
Still truſt in God, for yet will I,
geue thanks to hym for aied.

Deus auribus Psal. xliiii.

*Gads people ſhewe how wonderſly,
he holpe their fathers olde:*

*And mucbe lament that now from them,
hiſhande he dooeth withhold.*

Our eares haue hard our fathers tel
and reuerently recozde:
The wonderous workes y thou haſt doen
in alder tyme O lorde.

How thou didſt weede the Gentiles out
and ſtroied them with ſtrong hande:

Plantyng

In Metre.

Plantyng our fathers in their place,
and gauest to them their lande.

It was not lorde our fathers sweard
that purchast them that place:

It was thy hande, thyne arme, thy light
thy countenaunce and grace.

Thou art the king our God that holpe
Jacob in sondry wise:

Led wth thy power we thzew^e doune suche
as did against vs rise.

We trusted not in bowe ne swearde,
they could not saue vs sounde:

Thou keptst vs from our enemies rage,
thou didst our foes confounde.

And still we boast of thee our God,
and praise thy holy name:

Yet now thou goest not with our hoste,
but leauest vs to shame.

Whereby we flee before our foes,
and so be ouertrode:

Yea, killed of the Heathē folke like shepe,
and scattered all abrode.

Thy people thou hast solde like slaues
in open market steepe:

For

Psalmes of Dauid

For no rewarde, as though thei were,
of none accoumpt in deede.

And to our neighbors thou hast made
of vs a laughynge stocke:

And those that rounde aboute vs dwell,
at vs dooe grinne and mocke.

The Gentiles talke, the people scozne,
we be ashamed to see:

How full of flaunder and reproche,
our wicked enemies bee.

For all this we forgot not thee,
nor yet thy couenaut brake:
We tourne not backe our hartes fro thee
nor yet thy pathes forsake.

Yet thou hast trode vs downe to dust,
where dennes of Dragons bee:
And couered vs with dedly darke,
and greate aduersitee.

And if we had forgot thy name,
and helpe of Idolles sought:
Then hadst thou cause vs to correcte,
but lorde thou knowest our thought.

And how that for thy sake, O lorde,
we be tormented thus:

Als

In Metro.

As thepe were to the Chambles sent,
right so thei deale with vs.

Up lord, why sleepest thou, awake,
and leaue vs not for all:

Why hidest thou thy countenance,
and dooest forget our thrall:

For doune to dust our soule is brought
our wombe to yearth dooeth take:

Arise, helpe and deliuer vs,
lord for thy mercies sake.

Audite hec Gentes. Psal. xlix.

*Though richemen doo oppresse the poore,
discourage not therefore:*

*For vainly trustyng in their gooddes,
thei perishe euermore.*

A people hearken and geue eare,
to that that I shall tell:

Bothe high and low, bothe riche & poore
that in the worlde dooe dwell.

For why my mouth shall make discour
of many thynges right wise:

In vnderstandyng shall my harte,
his study exercise.

I will encline myne eare to knowe,
the parable so darke:

Psalmes of Dauid

And open all my doubtfull speache,
in Metre on my Harpe.

The wicked daies and euill tyme,
why should I feare and doubte:
when the oppressours mischeuous,
dooe compasse me aboute:

For some there be that riches haue,
in whom their trust is moſte:
And of their treasures infinite,
themselues dooe bragge and boſte.

No man can yet by any meane,
his brothers death redeme:
Or make agreement accepta-
ble vnto God for hym.

Or paie the ransome for his soule,
that he maie liue for euer:
And fast of no corruption,
this lieth in no mannes power.

We ſe that wiſe men die as ſone,
as fooliſhe men and fonde:
And bothe dooe leaue to other men,
their gooddes and eke their londe.

Although thei budde the houses faire
and dooe determine ſure:

To

In Metre.

To make their name right great in erth
for euer to endure.

We see again it is not geuen,
with riches to haue rest:
But in that poynte, a riche man is,
compared to a beast.

This is the foolishhe waie thei walke,
with pompe to get them fame:
And all their frendes that folowe them,
dooe muche commende thesame.

Ochō death wil sone deuour like shepe
when thei are brought to hell:
Then shall the iust in light reioice,
when thei in darkenesse dwell.

Yet for all this I trust that God,
will saue my soule from pain:
And from all suche infernall power,
and coumfort me again.

If any man waxe wonderous riche,
feare not I saie therfore:
Although the glozy of his house,
encreaseth moze and moze.

For when he dieth of all these thinges
nothyng shall he receiue:

Psalmes of Dauid

His glozy will not folowe hym,
his pompe will take her leaue.

Yet in his life he taketh hymself,
the happiest vnder Sunne:
And dooeth commende all other men,
that dooeth as he hath dooen.

But when he shall go to his kynde,
where his forefathers be:
He shall his felowes finde full darke,
that light shall neuer se.

A foolishhe man whom riches hath,
to honour thus pferde:
That doeth not knowe and vnderstand,
is to a beast comparde.

Deus deus meus. Psal. lxiii.

*Whereas Christes kingdome is opprest,
the iuste desire of God:*

*Above all welth that his pure worde,
maie frely come abrode.*

God my God, I watche to come,
to thee in all the hast:

For why, my soule and body bothe,
dooe thirst of thee to tast.

As drought of yerth would water haue
so I desire eche hower:

For

In Metre.

For to beholde thy holy house,
thy gloze and thy power.

Thy goodnesse passeth worldly life,
and these vncertain daies:
My lippes therefore shall geue to thee,
due honour, laude, and praise.

And whiles I liue I will not faile,
to worship thee alwaie:
And in thy name I shall lifte vp,
my handes when I dooe praye.

My soule is greatly satisfied,
and fareth wonders well:
Whē that my mouthe with ioifull lippes
thy laude and praise dooeth tell.

Bothe in my bedde I thinke of thee,
and in the euenyng tide:
For vnder couerte of thy winges,
thou art my ioifull guide.

My soule dooeth surely sticke to thee
thy right hande is my power:
And those that seke my soule to stroie,
the sword shall them deuoure.

The kyng and all men shall reioise,
that dooe professe Gods worde:

E.iii.

For

Psalmes of Dauid

For liers mouthes shall now be stopte,
that haue the truthe disturbde.

Exurgat deus. Psal. lxxviii.

*Christes glorious kingdome is declarede,
and how he should ascende:*

*The church throughout the worlde dooeth ioie,
the Iewes lawe taketh his ende.*

Let God arise, and then his foes,
will tourne themselves to flight:
His enemies then will runne abroad,
and scatter out of sight.

And as the fire dooeth melt the waxe
and winde blowe smoke awaie:
So in the presence of the lord,
the wicked shall decaye.

But when the lord shall come to vs,
let righteous men reioice:
Let them be glad and mery all,
and cherefull in their voice.

And syng out laude vnto the lord,
his name to magnifie:
That sitteth as a sauour,
aboue the starrie skie.

That same is he that is aboue,
within the holy place:

That

In Metre.

That father is of fatherlesse,
and Iudge of wedowes case.

That same is he that in one mynde
the houtholde dooeth p̄serue:

That byp̄ngeth bondmen out of thral,
when wicked men dooe sterue.

When thou wentest out in wildernes
thy Maiestie did make:

The yearth to quake, the heauens drop,
the mounte Sinai to shake.

Thine heritage with droppe of grace
full liberally is weashte:

And when thy people mourne and plain
by thee thei bee refreashte.

There shall thy congregacion dwell,
where thou dooest p̄inct the place:

Yea, for the poore thou dooest p̄pare,
of thyne especiall grace.

Thou doest cōmende thy worde o lord
and geue thyne holy spirite:

To all that p̄ache thy Gospell pure,
thy glory and thy might.

Kinges w̄ their hostes shall flee awaie
thy worde shall geue the foile:

C.iiii. The

Psalmes of Dauid

The houtholde of the liuyng lorde,
Shall then deuide the spoile.

Then shall the Churche be innocent,
and white as siluer fine:
And in good life more oziently,
then beaten golde shall shine.

When he that ruleth yearthly kynges
the yearth shall order so:

Then shall the hill of Salmon be,
as white as milke or Snowe.

Sens Basan is the hill of God,
and fructfull every whit:

Then ye the membres of that hill,
why hoppe ye out of it?

Sens God is pleased wondrous wel,
to dwell within this hill:

And therin dooeth determine plain,
for to continue still.

Whose charettes and his angelles eke
be thousandes on a throng:

As in his mount of Sinai,
the lorde is theim emong.

The lorde ascended vp on hie,
and ledde theim bounde with hym:

That

In Metre.

That long before in bondage laie,
of death and deadly synne.

And as a man receiued giftes,
and gaue them vnto men:
Yea, to his foes he gaue his spirite,
that God might dwell in them.

Now praised be the lord therefore,
and daieily let vs praise:

Our God that with his benefites,
dooeth prospere vs alwaies.

He is the God from whom alone,
saluacion cometh plain:

He is the God by whom we scape,
from euerlastyng pain.

This God wil wound his enemies hed
and breake the hearie scalpe:

Of those that in their wickednesse,
continually dooe walke.

From Basan will I bryng saied he,
my people and my shepe:

And all myne owne as I haue dooen,
from daunger of the depe.

And make the dip their feete in blond
of those that hate my name:

C. v. And

Psalmes of Dauid

And dogges shal haue their tōgues em-
with lickyng of the same. (b2e2oed,

All men make se how thou O God,
thyne enemies dooest deface:
And how thou goest as God and Kyng:
into thy holy place.

The syngers go before with ioie,
the Minstrels folowe after:
And in the middes the damosels plaie,
with Tymbrell and with Taber.

Now in thy congregacions,
O Israel praise the lord:
And from the botome of thy harte,
geue thanks with one accorde.

Thy chief is litle Benjamin,
thy counsaill Princes been:
of Juda and of Zabulon,
and eke of Nephtalim.

As God hath geuen power to thee,
so lord make firme and sure:
The thing that thou hast wrought in vs
for ever to endure.

Then for thy tēples sake shall kynges
geue giftes to thee alwaies:

Greater

In Metre.

**Greater then at Ierusalem,
of euerlastyng praise.**

**When thou shalt wast the waueryng
that rage against all right: (folke,
The stoute, the nice, the money men,
and those that loue to fight.**

**Then out of Egypt shall thei come,
that long haue been full blynde:
The Gentiles then shall reconcile,
to God their synfull mynde.**

**Then shal the kingdomes of the yerth
syng praises to the lord:
That ouer all dooeth sit and sende,
to vs his mightie worde.**

**Therefore the strength of Israel,
ascribe to God on hie:
whose might & power doeth farre extend
aboue the cloudy skie.**

**Goddess holynesse is wonderfull,
and dread for euermore:
And he will geue his people power,
praised be God therefore.**

Quam bonus Israel. Psalm. lxxiii.

*He wondreth how the foes of God,
doe prospere and encrease:*

And

Psalmes of David

*And how the good and godly men,
dooe seildome liue in peace.*

How good is God to suche as be,
Of pure and perfect harte:
Yet slippe my fete a waie from hym,
my steppes decline aparte.

And why, because I fondly fall,
in enuie and disdain:

That wicked men all thynges enioie,
without disease or pain.

And beare no yoke vpon their necke,
nor burthen on their backe:

And as for store of worldly gooddes,
thei haue no wante or lacke.

And free from all aduersitie,
when other men be shente:

And with the rest thei take no part,
of plague or punishmente.

Whereby thei be full glorioufly,
in pride so high extolde:

And in their wrong and violence,
be wrapt so manifolde,

That by aboundance of their gooddes,
thei please their appetite:

And

In Metre.

And dooe all thynges accordyngly,
vnto their hartes Delight.

All thynges are vile in their respecte,
sauyng theimselues alone:

Thei bragge their mischief openly,
to make their power bee knownen.

The heauens and the liuyng lorde,
thei care not to blasphemie:

And loke what thyng thei talke or saie,
the worlde dooeth well esteeme:

The floske therfore of flatterers,
dooe furnishe vp their train:

For there thei be full sure to sucke,
some profite and some gain.

Tuthe tuthe saie thet to theimselues,
is there a God aboue:

That knoweth and suffreth all this ill,
and will not vs reproue:

Lo, ye maie se how wicked men,
in riches still encrease:

Rewardred well with worldly gooddes,
and liue in rest and peace.

Then why dooe I from wickednesse,
my phantasie restrain:

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And washe my handes with innocentes
and clense my harte in vaine

And suffre scourges euery daie,
as subiecte to all blame:

And every moznyng from my youth,
sustain rebuke and shame.

And I had almoste saied as thei,
mislikyng myne estate:

But that I should my childzen iudge,
as folke vnfortunate.

Then I bethought me how I might
this matier vnderstande:

But yet the labour was to greate,
for me to take in hande.

untill the tyme I went into
thy holy place, and then :

I vnderstode right perfectly,
the ende of all these men.

And namely how thou settest them,
vpon a slippery place:

And at thy pleasure and thy will,
thou doest them all deface.

Then toorde how sone doo thei cōsume
and fearfully decaie:

Muche

In Metre.

Muche like a dreame whē one awaketh
their image passeth awaie.

Thus greued was my harte full soze,
my mynde was muche opprest:
So fonde was I and ignoraunte,
and in thy sight a beast.

Yet neuerthelesse by my right hande,
thou holdest me alwaies fast:
And with thy counsaill dooest me guide
to glozy at the last.

What place is there prepared then,
for me in heauen aboue?
There is nothyng in yearth like thee,
that I desire oz loue.

My fleshe and eke my harte doo faile
but God dooeth faile me neuer:
For of my harte God is the strength,
my porcion eke for euer.

And lo, all suche as thee forsake,
shall perishe euery chone:
And those that trust in any thyng,
saupng in thee alone.

Attendite. Psal. lxxviii.

The couenaut and the wonderous workes,
of God in Israel:

And

Psalmes of Dauid

*And how he proued them with plagues,
and yet how ofte thei fell.*

Atende my people to my lawe,
and to my wordes encline:
My mouth shal speake straunge parables
and sentences diuine.

Which we our selues haue hard & seen
euen of our fathers side:
And whiche for our instruction,
our fathers haue vs tolde.

Because we should not kepe it close,
from them that should come after:
But shewe the power and glozy of God
and all his workes of wonder.

With Iacob he the couenaunt made,
how Israel should liue:
And made their fathers the same lawe,
vnto their children geue.

That thei and their posteritie,
that were not sprong by tho:
Should haue the knowlege of the lawe
and teache their seede also.

That thei might haue the better ope
in God that is aboue:

And

In Metre.

And not forget to kepe his lawes,
and his preceptes in loue.

Not beyng as their fathers were,
a kinde of suche a spirite:

That would not frame their wicked hart
to knowe their God a right. (tes,

How went the people of Ephraim,
their neighbours for to spoile:

Shot yng their dartes the daie of warre
and yet thei toke the foile:

For why, thei did not kepe with God,
the couenaunte that was made:

For yet would walke or lead their liues
accord yng to his trade.

But put into obliuion,
his counsaill and his will:

And all his workes moſte magnifiquē,
whiche he declared ſtill.

What wonders to our forefathers,
did he hymſelf diſcloſe:

In Egypt lande within the field,
that called is Thaneos:

He did deuide and cut the ſea,
that thei might paſſe it ones:

J. i.

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And made the water stande as still,
as dooeth an heape of stones.

He ledde them secreete in a cloude,
by daie when it was bright:
And all the night when darke it was,
with fire he gaue them light.

He brake the rockes in wildernesse,
and gaue the people drinke:
As plentiful as when the depe,
doce flowe vp to the brinke.

He drew out riuers out of rockes,
that were bothe drie and harde:
Of suche aboundaunce that no floudes,
to them might be comparde.

Yet for all this against the lorde,
their synne did still encrease:
And stirred hym that is moſte high,
to wrathe in wildernesse.

Attemptyng hym within their hartes
like people of mistrust:
Requyryng suche a kinde of meate,
as serued to their lust.

Saiyng with murmuracion,
in their vnfaithfulnesse:

Cannot

In Metre.

Cannot this God prepare for vs,
a feast in wilderness:

Beholde he strake the stonie rocke,
and floudes forthwith did flowe:
Doubt not that he can geue his folke,
bothe bread and fleshe also.

Whē God heard this, he waxed wroth
with Jacob and his seede:
So did his indignacion,
on Israel procede.

Because thei did not faithfully,
beleue and hope that he:
Could alwaies helpe and succour them,
in their necessitie.

Wherfore he did cōmaūde the cloudes
forthwith thei brake in sunder:
And rained doune (*Manna*) for the to eate,
a foode of mikell wonder.

When yearthly men with angels fode
were fedde at their request:
He bad the Eastwinde blowe awaie,
and brought in the Southwest.

And rained doune fleshe as thicke as
and foule as thicke as sande:

f.ii.

(dust,
whiche

Psalmes of Dauid

Whiche he did cast a midde the place,
where all their Tentes did stande.

Then did thei eate excedyngly,
and all men had their filles:

Nothyng did want to their desire,
he gaue them all their willes.

But as y meat was in their mouthes
his wraathe vpon them fell:

And slewe the floure of all their youth,
and choise of Israel.

Yet fell thei to their wonted synne,
and still thei did hym greue:

Foz all the wonders that he wrought,
thei had no fast beleue.

Their daies therefore he shortened,
and made their honour vain:

Their yeres did wast and passe awaie,
with terrour and with pain.

But euer when he plagued them,
thei sought hym by and by:

Remembryng then he was their strēgth
their helpe and God moſte hie.

Though in their mouthes thei did but
and flatter with the lord:

(glose,
And

In Metre.

And with their tongues & in their lippes
Dissembled euery worde.

For why, their hartes were nothyng
to hym nor to his trade: (bent,

For yet to kepe or to perfourme,
the couenaunt that was made.

Yet was he still so mercifull,
when thei deserued to die:

That he forgaue theim their misdeedes,
and would not them destrie.

Yea, many a time he turned his wrath
and did hymself auise:

And would not suffre all his whole,
displeasure to arise.

Consideryng that thei were but flethe
and euen as a winde:

That passeth awaie and cannot well,
retourne by his awne kinde.

How often tymes in wildernesse,
did thei the lorde prouoke:

How did thei moue and stirre their lorde
to plague them with his stroke:

Yea, when thei were conuerted well,
of purpose thei would moue:

J.iii.

The

Psalmes of Dauid

The holy one of Israel,
his power for to proue.

Not thinking of his hand and power
nor of the daie when he:
Delivered them out of the bon-
dage of the enemye.

Nor how he wrought his miracles,
as thei themselves behelde:
In Egypt, and the wonders that,
he did in soan fielde.

Nor how he turned by his power,
their waters into bloude:
That no man might receiue his drinke,
at river ne at floude.

Nor how he sent them flies and Lice,
whiche did vpon them crall:
And filled the countrey full of Frogges,
to trouble them withall.

Nor how thei did comit their fruites,
vnto the Caterpillar:
And all the labour of thei handes;
he gaue to the Grasshopper.
With hailstones he destroyed their vines
so that thei were all lost:

And

In Metre.

And also their Mulberie trees,
he did consume with frost.

And yet with hailestones ones again
the lord their cattell smote:
And al their flockes and herdes likewise
with thunderboltes full hote.

He cast vpon them in his ire,
and in his furie strong:
Displeasure, wrathe, and angelles ill,
to trouble them among.

Then to his wrathe he made a waie,
and spared not the least:
But gaue vnto the pestilence,
the man and eke the beast.

He strake also the first borne all,
that vp in Egypt came:

And all that thei had laboured for,
within the tentes of Ham.

But as for all his owne dere folke,
he did preserue and kepe:

And caried them through wildernesse,
euen like a flocke of shepe.

Without all feare bothe safe & sounde,
he brought them out of thall:

J.iii.

Wheras

Psalmes of Dauid

Wheras their foes with rage of sea,
were ouerwhelmed all.

And brought them out into the boz-
ders of his holy lande:

Euen to the mount whiche he had pur-
chased with his right hande.

And there cast out the Heathen folke,
and did their lande deuide:

And in their tentes he set the tribes,
of Israel to abide.

Yet for all this their God moste high,
thei stirred and tempted still:

And would not kepe his testament,
nor yet obeie his will.

But as their fathers turned backe,
euen so thei went astraie:
Muche like a bowe that would not bend
but breake and starte awaie.

And greued him with their hyl altars
their lightes and with their fire:
And with their Idols vehemently,
prouoked hym to ire.

Therwith his wrath began again,
to kendle in his brest:

The

In Metre.

The naughtinesse of Israel,
he did so much detest.

Then he forsooke the Tabernacle,
of Silo where he was:
Right conuersant with yearthly men,
euen as his dwelling place.

Then suffred he their might & power,
in bondage for to stande:
And gaue the beautie of his folke,
into their enemies hande.

And did commit them to the swearde,
wrothe with his heritage:
The yong men were deuoured with fire,
maides had no mariage.

And with the sweard the priests also,
did perishe euerychoue:
And not a widome left aliue,
their faulte for to bemanue.

And then the lorde beganne to wake,
like one that slept a tyme:
Or like a souldiour that had been,
refreshed well with wine,

With Emerauldes in y hinder partes
he strake his enemies all:

J.v.

And

Psalmes of Dauid

And put them then vnto a shame,
that was perpetuall.

Then he the tent and tabernacle,
of Joseph did refuse:

As for the tribe of Ephraim,
he would in no wise chuse.

But chose the tribe of Iuda,
wheras he thought to dwell:

Euen the mount of Sion,
whiche he did loue so well.

Wheras he did his temple bulde,
bothe sumptuously and sure:

Like to the ground whiche he hath made
for euer to endure.

Then chose he Dauid hym to serue,
his people for to kepe.

Whiche he toke vp and brought awaie,
euen from the foldes of shepe.

As he did folowe the ewes with yong
the lord did hym auance:

To fede his people of Israel,
and his enheritaunce.

Then Dauid with a faithfull harte,
his flocke and charge did fede:

And

In Metre.

And prudently with all his power,
Did governe them in deede.

Benedic anima mea. Psalm. Ciii.

To God for all his benefites,
We render thanks eche one:
Who knoweth the frailtie of vs all,
and helpeth vs alone.

My soule geue laude vnto the lord
my spirite shall doe the same:
And all the secretes of my harte,
praise ye his holy name.

Geue thanks to God for al his giftes
Shewe not thy self vnkynde:
And sustre not his benefites,
to slippe out of thy mynde.

That gaue thee pardone for thy sinne
and thee restored again:
For all thy weake and fraile disease,
and healed thee of thy pain.

That did redeme thy life from death,
from whiche thou couldest not flee:
His mercie and compassion bothe,
he did extende to thee.

That filled with goodnesse thy desire,
and did prolong thy youth:

Like

Psalmes of David

Like as the Eagle casteth her bill,
whereby her age reneweth.

The lord with iustice doeth reuenge
all such as be oppressed:

The patience of the perfect man,
is turned to the best.

His waies & his commaundementes,
to Moses he did shewe:

His counsailes eke with his consentes,
the Israelites doo knowe.

The lord is kynde and mercifull,
when synners doo hym greue:

The slowest to conceiue a wrath,
and readiest to forgue.

He chideth not vs continually,
though we be full of strife:

For kepeth our fautes in memorie,
for all our synfull life.

For yet according to our synnes,
the lord dooeth vs regarde:

For after our iniquities,
he dooeth vs not rewarde.

But as the space is wonderful great
twixt yearth and heauen aboue:

So

In Metre.

So is his gooddes muche more large,
to them that dooe hym loue.

He dooeth remoue our synnes from vs
and our offences all:

As farre as is the sunne risynge,
full distaunte from his fall.

And loke what pitie parentes dere,
vnto their childzen beare:

Like pitie beareth the lorde to suche,
as worshippe hym in feare.

The lorde that made vs knoweth our
our moulde and fashon iuste: (Chape
How weake and fraile our nature is,
and how we be but duste.

And how the tyme of mortall men,
is like the witheryng haie:

Oz like the floure right faire in field,
that fadeth ful sone awaie

whose glosse & beautie stormie winde,
dooe vtterly disgrace:

And make that after their assaultes,
suche blosomes haue no place.

But yet the goodnesse of the lorde,
with his shall euer stande:

Theis

Psalmes of Dauid

Their childzens children dooe receiue,
his righteousnesse at hande.

That thei maie kepe their promises,
with all their whole desire:
And not forget to dooe the thyng,
that he did them require:

The heauens high are made the seate
and foote stoole of the lorde:
And by his power Imperiall,
he gouerneth all the worlde.

Ye Angelles and ye verteous men,
laude ye the lorde I saie:
That ye maie bothe fulfill his hesteg,
and to his wordes obeie.

His hoste and eke his ministers,
ceasse not but laude hym still:
And ye also that execute,
his pleasure and his will.

Let all his workes in euery place,
geue laude vnto the lorde:
My harte my mynde, and eke my soule
shall therunto accorde.

Ad dominum cum. Psal. cxx.

The good men crie and muche lament,
that thei so long dooe dwell:

In Metre.

*In companie of carnall men,
the sonnes of Ismael.*

In trouble and in thral,
Unto the lord I call,
And he dooeth me comfort:

Deliver me I saie,
From liers lippes alwaie,
And tongue of false report.

How hurtfull is the thyng,
Or els how dooeth it styng,
The tongue of suche a lier:

It hurteth no lesse I wene,
Then arrowes sharpe and kene,
Of hote consumyng fier.

Alas to long I dwell,
With the sonne of Ismael;
That Chedar is to name,

By whom the folke electe,
And all of Isaacs secte:
Are put to open shame.

With them that peace did hate,
I came a peace to make,
And set a quiet life:

But when my woorde was tolde,
Causelesse

Psalmes of Dauid

Causelesse I was controlde,
By them that would haue strife.

Ad te leuau. Psal. cxxiii.

*The poore in spirite waite for the lorde,
till thei some grace attain:*

*The proude and wealtie Pbariseis,
the simple folke disdain:*

Dlorde that in heauen doest possesse
I lift myne eyes to thee:
Euen as the seruaunt lifteth his,
his masters handes to see.

As handmaides watche their maistres
some grace for to atcheue: (handes,
So we beholde the lorde our God,
till he dooe vs forgeue.

Lorde graunte vs thy compassion,
and mercie in thy sighte:
For we be fild and ouercome,
with hatred and despise.

Our mindes be stuffed with great re-
the riche and worldly wise: (buke,
Dooe make of vs their mockyng stocke,
the proude dooe vs despise.

Beati omnes, Psal. cxxviii.

God

In Metre.

God blesseth with his benefites,
the man and eke the wife:
That in his waies dooe rightly walke,
and feare hym all their life.

Blessed art thou that fearest God,
and walkest in his waie:
For of thy labour thou shalt eate,
happie art thou I saie.

Like fructfull vines on y house sides
so dooeth thy wife spryng out:
Thy childzen stande like Olive buddes,
thy table rounde aboute.

Thus art thou blest that fearest God
and he shall let thee see:
The promised Ierusalem,
and his felicitee.

Thou shalt thy childres childzen see,
to thy greate ioies encrease:
Full quietly in Irael,
to passe their tyme in peace.

FINIS.

Here ende the Psalmes drawen
into Englishe Metre,
by M. Sternholde.

C. i. Co

To the reader.



Thou hast here (gētle reader) vnto the Psalmes that were drawen into Englishe Metre, by Master Sternhold. vii. mo adioined. Not to the intent that thei should be fathered on the dedde man, and so through his estimation, to bee the more highly esteemed: Neither for that thei are in myne opinion (as touchyng the Metre) in any part to bee compared with his. moste exquisite dooynges. But especially to fill vp a place, which els should haue been voide, that the booke maie rise to his iuste volume. And partly for that thei are fruiētfull, although thei bee not fine: and comfortable vnto a christian mynde, although not so pleasaunt in the mouthe or eare. Wherefore, if thou (good reader) shalte accepte and take this my dooyng in good parte, I haue my hartes desire herein.

Fare well.

¶ Psalmes of

David in Betre.

Exaltabo te domine. Plal. xxx.

*The church that ghostly Israel,
Her lorde and God dooeth praise:
Whiche from the dread of death and bell,
Dooeth her defende alwaies.*

All laude and praise with hart & voice
O lord I geue to thee:
Whiche wilt not see my foes reioice,
For triumphe ouer me.
O lord my God to thee I cride,
In all my pain and grief:
Thou gauest an eare and didst prouide,
To ease me with relief.
Of thy good will thou haste calde backe,
My soule from hell to saue:
Thou dooest relue when strength doeth
To kepe me from the graue. (lacke,
Syng praise ye sainctes that proue & see
The goodnesse of the lord:
In memory of his Maiestee,
Reioice with one accorde.
For why, his angre but a space,
G.ii. Dooeth

Psalmes of Dauid

Dooeth last and flake again:
But yet the fauour of his grace,
For euer dooeth remain.
Though gripes of grief & pāges ful soze,
Dooe chaunce vs ouer night:
The lorde to ioie shall vs restore,
Before the daie be light.
When I enioied the worlde at will,
Thus would I boast and saie:
Tuthe, I am sure to feele none ill,
This wealth shall not decaie.
For thou O lorde of thy good grace,
Hadst sent me strength and aied:
But when thou turndst awaie thy face,
My mynde was soze dismaied.
Wherefore again yet did I crie,
To thee, O lorde of might:
My God with plaintes I did applie
And praied bothe daie and night.
What gain is in my bloud saied I,
If death destroie my daies?
Dooeth dust declare thy Maiestie,
Or yet thy truthe dooeth praise?
Wherefore my God some pitie take,

In Metre.

O lord I thee desire:
Do not this my soule forsake,
Of helpe I thee raquire.
Then didst thou tourne my grief & wo,
Unto a cherefull voice:
The mournyng weede thou tokest me fro
And madest me to reioice.
Wherefore my soule vnceassantly,
Shall syng vnto thy praise:
My lord my God, to thee will I,
Geue laude and thanks alwaies.

Exultate iusti. Psal. lxxxiii.

*To praise the lord with ioie thei ought,
whiche are accept through faiethe:
God by his worde eche thyng hath wrought,
All mannes defence decaiethe.*

YE righteous in the lord reioice,
It is a semely sight:
That vpriht men wth thankful voice
Should praise the God of might.
Praise ye the lord with harpe and song,
In psalmes and pleasaunt thynges:
With Lute and instrument emong,
That soundeth of tenne strynges.
Syng to the lord a song mooste newe,
G.iii. With

Psalmes of Dauid

With courage geue hym praise:
For why his worde is euer true,
His workes and all his waies.
To iudgemente, equitie and right,
He hath a greate good will:
And with his giftes he dooeth delight,
The yearth throughout to fill.
For by the worde of God alone,
The heauens all were wrought:
Their hostes and powers euerichone,
His breathe to passe hath brought.
The waters greate gathered hath he,
On heapes within the shore:
And hid them in the depth to be,
As in an house of store.
All men on yearth bothe least and most,
Feare ye the lorde his lawe:
Ye that inhabite in eche coste,
Dread hym and stande in awe.
What he commaunded, wrought it was
At ones with present speede:
What he dooeth will is brought to passe
With full effecte in deede.
The counsailes of the nations rude,
The

In Metre.

The lord dooeth driue to nought:
He dooeth defeate the multitude,
Of their deuise and thought.
But his decrees continue still,
Thei neuer flake or swage:
The motions of his mynde and will,
Take place in euery age.
O blest are thei to whom the lord,
A God and guide is knowne:
Whom he dooeth chose of mere accorde,
To take them as his owne.
The lord from heauen cast his sight,
On men mortall by berthe:
Consideryng from his seate of might,
The dwellers on the yearth.
The lord I say whose hād hath wrought
Mannes harte and dooeth it frame:
For he alone dooeth knowe the thought,
And workyng of the same.
A kyng that trusteth in his hoste,
Shall nought preuail at length:
The man that of his might dooeth boiste,
Shall fall for all his strength.
The heapes of horsemen eke shall faile,
G.iiii. Their

Psalmes of Dauid

Their sturdie steeds shall sterue:
The strength of horse shall not preuaile,
The rider to preserue.
But lo, the eyes of God entende,
And watche to aied the iust:
With suche as feare hym to offende,
And on his goodnesse trust.
That he of death and all distresse,
Maie set their soules from drede:
And if that dearth the lande oppresse,
In hunger theim to fede.
Wherefore our soule doeth still depende
On God our strength and staie:
He is the shield vs to defende,
And driue all dartes awaie.
Our soule in God hath ioie and game,
Reioisynge in his might:
For why in his moste holy name,
We hope and muche delight.
Therefore let thy goodnesse, O lord,
Still present with vs bee:
As we alwaies with one accorde,
Doe onely trust in thee.

Quemadmodum desiderat. Psal. xlii.

¶ The

In Metre.

The faithfull soule afflicted here,
Dooeth sigh, complain and crie:
Vnto the lorde for to drawe nere,
whom wicked men defie.

Like as the Hart doeth bzeth & bzaie
The welspzynges to obtaine:
So dooeth my soule desire alwaie;
With thee, lorde, to remain.
My soule doeth thirst and would draw
The liuyng God of might: (nere,
O when shall I come and appere,
In presence of his sight:
The teares all tymes are my repast,
Whiche from myne eyes dooe slide,
When wicked men crie out so fast,
Where now is God their guide:
For coumfort this I call to mynde,
And stretch my strength abroad:
That with the holy I shall finde,
Health in the house of God.
Enioyng with a ioifull voice,
There full quiet and rest:
As with a sorte that dooe reioice,
And celebrate a feast.
My soule why art thou sad and sower,
G.v. Why

Psalmes of Dauid

Why troublest me so sore:
Trust in the lord and praise his power,
That dooeth thy health restore.
When that my soule in me, O lord,
Dooeth fainte, I thinke vpon
The lande of Iordan, and recozde,
The litle hill Hermon.
One grief another in dooeth call,
As cloudes burst out their voice:
The floudes of euilles that dooe fall,
Runne ouer me with noise.
But yet the lord of his goodnesse,
Dooeth helpe at all auaies:
Wherefore eche night I will not cease,
The liuyng God to praise.
I am perswaded thus to saie,
To hym with pure pretence:
O lord thou art my guide and state,
My rocke and my defence.
Why dooe I then in pensiuenesse,
Hangyng the hedde thus walke:
While that myne enemies me oppresse,
And bere me with their talke:
For why thei pearse mine inward partes
With

In Metre.

With panges to be abhorde:
When thei crie out wth stubburne hartes,
Where is thy God thy lorde?
So sone why doest thou faint and quaille
My soule with paines opprest:
With thoughtes why doest thy self assaile
So soze within my brest:
Trust in the lorde thy God alwaies,
And thou the tyme shalt see:
To geue him thākes with laude & praise
For health restorde to thee.

Quid gloriaris. Psal. lii.

*The wicked that the lorde despise,
And trust in worldly strength:
With suche as vse deceit and lies,
Shalbe destroyed at length.*

Why doest thou tiraūt boast abroūd,
Thy wicked workes to praise?
Doeest thou not knowe there is a God,
Whose strength dooeth last alwaies:
Why dooeth thy mynde yet still deuise,
Suche wicked willes to warpe:
Thy tongue vnttrue in forgyng lies,
Is like a rasoure sharpe.
On mischief why doest set thy mynde,
And

Psalmes of Dauid

And wilt not walke vpzight:
Thou hast moze lust false tales to finde,
Then bryng the trueth to light.
Thou dooest delight in fraude and guile
In crafte, deceipt and wrong:
Thy lippes haue lernde y flattryng stile,
O false deceiptfull tongue.
Therfoze shal God thy strength confoūd
And plucke thee from thy place:
Thy seede and rootes frō of thy ground,
At ones he shal deface.
The iust when thei beholde thy fall,
With feare will praise the lord:
And in reproche of thee withall,
Crie out in one accorde.
Behold the man whiche would not take
The lord for his defence:
But of his gooddes his God did make,
And trust his owne pretence.
But I an Oliue freshe and grene,
Shal spryng and spreade abroad:
For why my trust all tymes hath been,
Vpon the liuyng God.
For this therfoze will I geue praise,
To

In Metre.

To hym with harte and voice:
I will set foorth his name alwaies,
Wherin his sanctes reioice.

Deus uenerunt. Psal lxxix.

*Here are set foorth the sore assaults,
That wicked men inuent:
Against gods church which sheweth her faultes,
And doeth to hym lament.*

O Lord the Gentiles dooe invade,
Thyne heritage to spoile:
Jerusalem an heape is made,
Thy temple thei defoile.
The bodies of thy sanctes moste deare,
Abrode to birdes thei cast:
The fleshe of suche as dooe thee feare,
The beastes deuoure and wast.
Their bloud throughout Jerusalem,
As water spilde thei haue:
So that there is not one of them,
To laie their deade in graue.
Thus are we made a laughyng stocke,
Almoſte the worlde throughout:
The enemies at vs iest and mocke,
Whiche dwell our coastes about.
Wylte thou, O lord, thus in their ire,
Against

Psalmes of Dauid

Against vs euer fume:
And shewe thy wrath as hoate as fire,
Thy folke for to consume:
Upon those people poure the same,
Whiche did thee neuer knowe:
All suche as call not on thy name,
Consume and ouerthrowe.
For thei haue gotte the vpper hande,
And Jacobs seede destroied:
His habitation and his lande,
By them is sore annoied.
Beare not in mynde our former faultes,
With speede some pitie shewe:
And aid vs lord in all assaultes,
For we are weake and lowe.
O God that geuest all health and grace,
On vs declare the same:
Waire not our workes, our sinnes deface,
For honour of thy name.
Why shall the wicked stil alwaie,
To vs as people dumme:
In thy reproche reioice and saie,
Where is their God become:
Require, O lord, as thou seest good,
Before

In Metre.

Before our eyes in sight:
Of all these folke thy seruautes bloud,
Whiche thei spilt in despight,
Receiue into thy sight in hast,
The clamours, grief, and wrong:
Of such as are in prison cast,
Sustainyng irons strong.
Thy force and strength to celebrate,
Lorde set them out of bande:
Whiche vnto death are destinate,
And in their enemies hande.
The nations which haue been so bolde,
As to blaspheme thy name:
Into their lappes with seven folde,
Repaire again the same.
So we thy folke, thy pasture shepe,
Will praise thee evermore:
And teache all ages for to kepe,
For thee like praise in store.

Deus stetit. Psalm. lxxxii.

God dooeth rebuke the worldly wise,
And tell them all their due:
To such as will his wordes despise,
He sheweth what shall ensue.

Amen

Psalmes of Dauid

Amid the pzease with men of might,
The lorde hymself did stande:
To pleade the cause of trueth and right,
With Iudges of the lande.
How long, saied he, will ye procede,
False iudgement to awarde:
And haue respect for loue or mede,
The wicked to regarde:
Wheras of due ye should defende,
The fatherlesse and weake:
And when the pooze man doeth contend
In iudgemente iustly speake.
If ye be wise defende the cause,
Of pooze men in their right:
And rid the neady from the clawes,
Of tirauntes force and might.
But nothyng will thei knowe or learne,
In vaine to them I talke:
Thei will not se or ought discerne,
But still in darkenesse walke.
Wherefore bee sure the tyme will come,
Sens ye suche waies dooe take:
That all the yearth from the botome,
My might shall moue and shake.

In Metre.

I had decreed it in my sight,
As Gods to take you all:
And children to the moſte of might,
For loue I did you call.
But not withſtandynge ye ſhall die;
As men, and ſo decaie:
Like tiraunces I ſhall you deſtrie,
And plucke you quite awaie.
Up lord and let thy ſtrength be knowne,
And iudge the worlde with might:
For why, all nations are thine owne,
To take them as thy right.

Lauda anima mea. Pſal. cxlvi.

*A praiſe of God, in hym alone,
All folke ſhould hope and truſt:
And not in worldly men, of whom,
The chief ſhall tourne to duſt.*

My ſoule praiſe þ the lord alwaies
My God I will confeſſe:
While breath and life prolong my daies
My mouthe no tyme ſhall ceaſe.
Truſt not in worldly princes then,
Though thei abounde in wealth:
Nor in the ſonnes of mortall men,
In whom there is no healthe.

H. i.

For

Psalmes of Dauid

For why, their breath doeth sone depast,
To yearth anon thei fall:
And then the counsailes of their harte,
Decaie and perishe all.
O happie is that man I saie,
Whom Iacobys God doeth aied:
And he whose hope dooeth not decaie,
But on the lorde is staied.
Whiche made the yearth & waters depe,
The heauens high withail:
Whiche doeth his worde & promise kepe,
In trueth and euer shall.
With right alwaies dooeth he procede,
For suche as suffre wrong:
The poore and hungrie he dooeth fede,
And leuse the fetters strong.
The lorde doeth ease the blind with sight
The lame to limmes restore:
The lorde I saie dooeth loue the right,
And iust man euermore.
He dooeth defende the fatherlesse,
The straungers sadde in herte:
And quite the widowe from distresse,
And all ill waies subuerste.

Thy

In Metre.

Thy lord and God eternally,
O Sion still shall raigne:
In tyme of all posteritie,
For euer to remain.

FINIS.

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